Thestylis atrata:
OR
A FUNERAL ELEGIE VPON THE
Death of the Right Honourable, most religious and noble Lady,

FRANCES,

Late Counteſſe of WARVVICK, who departed this life at her houſe in HACKNEY neere unto LONDON, In the Moneth of June laſt paſt. 1634.

By HENRIE PEACHAM.

----Et feſtinantes ſequimur.

LONDON,
Printed by *F. H.* for *Francis Conſtable.*
1634.

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Ad Lectorem.

Aſpice ut hoc clypeo bini jungantur in uno,
Quos Amor, atque tori junxerat una Fides:
Sic fato functi, terra tumulantur in una,
Et ſimul æthereo gaudet uterque Polo.

TO

THE TRVLY HONOVRABLE, Sir *FOHN WRAY* Knight and Baronet, Sir *CHRISTOPHER WRAY* Knight, and Maſter *EDWARD WRAY* Eſquire.

Right Noble and Worthy Gentle-men:

I *Have preſumed, the firſt, to bewaile in publike, the death of the much honoured, but more lamented* Lady, *the Counteſſe of* WARWICK *your deceaſed Aunt, ſo renowned, and beloved for her Pietie and Goodneſſe, that ſhee needeth no Memoriall at all, and in truth,* Fame profiteth not the dead, *as a Poet ſaith. But in regard ſhe hath beene ſo faire a Preſident for Poſteritie to imitate, and that my ſelfe have beene much bounden unto her, for her Honourable reſpect ever towards mee, I could not mourne to my ſelfe, beſide moved to the contrarie by a particular occaſion. Some few yeares agoe, her Honour ſent unto me, and requeſted mine advice, for the erecting of a Monument in* SNARFORD *Church for her ſelfe, according to the convenience of the place: I drew the*

–Nil juvat à fama ſepultus.

Modell of one, and presented her Honour with the same, adding (as was her desire) a plaine, but short and proper Inscription, leaving underneath a space for an Epitaph, there to be inserted after her death, that might containe some dozen lines or more, which (if I should out-live her) it pleased her Honour to impose upon me to performe: I promised her I would, though out of the naturall goodnesse, and sweet humilitie of her minde, she never affected praise, or applause, either in life, or after her death, for any good deed that ever shee did. So that since herein I could not performe my promise, her Honours minde, for the disposing of her corps at the time of her death (for some reasons perhaps knowne unto her selfe) being altered, I tooke mine owne time, and adventured (as drawing the Curtaine from an excellent Picture) to shew her to the beholder at the full, and in a fairer light.

Wherefore, as my little leasure would serve, at spare houres, shortly after her death (being employed in a toilsome calling) I composed this small Poem, which under the protection of your names (who are so much beloved and honoured in Lincolnshire; *moreover, Brethren, her Nephewes, and Executors to her last* Will *and* Testament) *I consecrate to her eternall Memorie, and offering (for her sake) the same in all dutifull affection unto your Patronage, I take leave.*

Yours devoted in all observance,

Henrie Peacham.

The Epistle to the Reader.

READER whosoever, hold me excused, that upon so excellent a Subject, I have wrought so inartificially, and like that Brick-layer of *Antwerp*, because he could set stones in Mortar, undertooke to set Diamonds in Gold. True it is, there are some persons of that transcendent worth and desert, that all indifferent praise falleth short of them, as there have beene some men beyond imitation for their excellencie in their severall Faculties: and though this regard onely might have enjoyned mee *Silence*, beside the disesteeme of Poetrie in this latter age of the world, (wherein, to scorne learning, and to know nothing, are accounted Gentlemanlike qualities) yet seeing living Examples of Vertue are so few and rare (appearing but here and there one, in a whole Countrey, like starres in a mistie (or dark night) and that I knew not how to requite the many favors I formerly received from her Honour, beside the friendly respect I have found from the most and neerest allied in bloud unto Her, I have adventured once againe with ORPHEUS to raise up EURIDICE, my dead and forgotten Muse, to review the light, it being now eleven yeares since I published any thing in this Elegiack kinde; which then was an *April* SHOWER, upon the death of that truly Noble, and verie learned Lord, *Richard* Earle of *Dorset*: and soone after, upon the too untimely decease of the most vertuous and hopefull young Lady FRANCES, daughter to Sir WILLIAM WRAY Knight, (and sometime wife unto that worthy and generous Knight Sir ANTHONIE IRBIE of *Boston*) who lyeth buried at ASHBIE, where the Lady WRAY her Mother (a religious, charitable, and bountifull Lady) at this time liveth.

To the Reader.

And whereas in this Elegie of mine, by a *Parergicall* digreſſion, I make mention for the Honour of the Shire, of many brave and excellent ſpirits it hath bred, I have not done it without example of the beſt approved Poets: And as *Bodin* ſaith of *Germanie*, ſo I may ſay of this Shire, that it is *Hominum officina*, a ſhop of men, where they may bee found ſerviceable, either for affaires of Peace or Warre: beſides a Diſcourſe which I had with a verie Honourable and a learned Perſonage, at his table, concerning this Subject, gave ſome occaſion thereof.

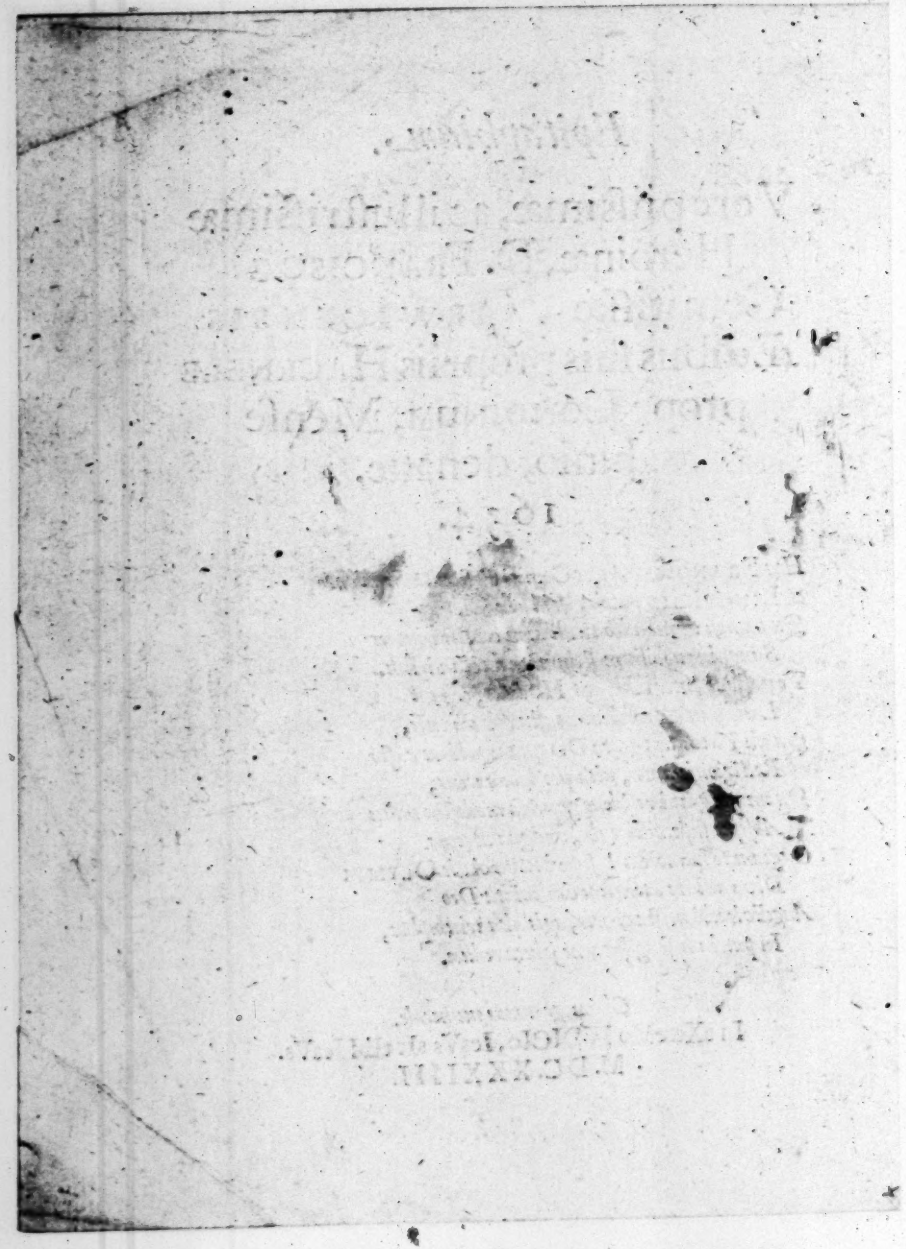
For this Noble Lady deceaſed, if I have falne ſhort of the juſt report of her worth, and have not ſhewed her with that luſtre and life I ought, and as ſhe deſerved, I crave pardon of thoſe who knew her beſt, and from whom I ſhould have received information (for doubtleſſe her charitable deeds were great and many) but thoſe who were neereſt about her, after her death being diſperſed, and far off; I have in a manner altogether out of my knowledge, collected the ſubſtance of what I have written; imitating thoſe Painters, who when they cannot get the life, are faine, for the groſſer lights and ſhadowes, to be beholding to their memories. Farewell.

Epitaphium:

Verè piiſsimæ, ac illuſtriſsimæ Heroinæ, D. FRANCISCÆ Comitiſſæ WARWICENSIS Ædibus ſuis propriis HACKNEIÆ propè LONDINUM, Menſe Junio, denatæ. 1634.

Hoc FRANCISCA *jaces Comitiſſa ſepulta Sepulchro,*
Lindensis patrii gloria ſola ſoli.
Quam non uſque adcò tituli, non cenſus honores
Sanguine nobilium ſtemmata ducta virûm.
Te noſtras inter celebrant Heroides, ornant
Laudibus & reddunt nomina chara tuis,
Quam Pietas tua grata Deo quam pectore caſto
Relligionis amor, vitaque labe carens,
Quamque gravi reſidens generoſa modeſtia vultu
Abſque ſupercilii nube, benigna manus
O quam te memorem! ſuperi nova civis OLYMPI
Diva anima æternùm conſociata Deo
Angelicis ubi miſta choris, agis alta triumphòs,
In patriam fragili carne ſoluta redux.

Chronogrammma numerale.
In eXtreMo IVDICIo, IesVs sIt tIbI IesVs.
M. DC. XXXIIII.



A Funerall Elegie.

IN what place of the Heavens, upborne from hence,
Pure Soule, keep'ſt thou thy happie reſidence,
That thither our ſwift-winged Zeale may flie,
To gratulate thy full felicitie:
Not bring thee back with teares, our prayers, or vowes
Accuſe the Fates, or call for Cypreſſe boughes
To veile thee ſleeping (borne to bed by Death)
When thou in vaine art ſought of us beneath:
Heavens glorious Palace more adorning farre,
Than "*Caſſiopeia*, or bright *Ceſars* ſtarre.
No, honour'd Lady, be it farre from me,
Theſe ill-tun'd accents ſhould ſolicite thee,
Bewaile thy ſtate or fate, who do'ſt poſſeſſe
A Crowne and Kingdome with that happineſſe,
Tongue never yet hath uttered, nor can
Pierce the dull thought of fraile and mortall man.
I take but time and leave a while to ſumme
The parcels of our loſſes in her tomb,
As in an Ocean, that are ſunk and fled,
And never more ſhall be recovered.
A loſſe wherein ſo many had a ſhare,
That Townes and Tenants well-nigh undone are:
A loſſe for which faire LINCOLNE from her hill,
Doth to her Citie ſtreames of teares diſtill;
It weepes, and by her River doth convay
Her ſalt-abundant ſorrow everie way;

Aegelorum miniſterio, Luc. 16.

" Caſſiopia *wife to* Cepheus, *who contended in beautie with the Nymphs of the ſea, and was turned to a ſigne in Heaven.*

* Fac jubar ut ſemper Capitolia noſtra ſoromque. Divus ab excelſa proſpectet Iulius ædc, *Ovid. Metam.* 15.

And as a Mother, who hath lately loſt
Her deareſt daughter, whom with care and coſt,
She from her tender infancie hath bred,
And in all goodly Science nurtured:
With bitter teares, and wringing off her hands,
Amidſt her neighbours dumb and ſobbing ſtands,
Incapable of comfort, and would faine,
Even with her fingers dig her up againe:
Such griefe (and if not greater) doe I gheſſe
The heart of all this Countie doth poſſeſſe:
LINCOLNE, whoſe ſoile hath ever fertile beene
Of ſuch Heroique Spirits, that betweene
Earth-bounding [a] ORKNEY, and the [b] *Gades* of Spaine,
They may for merit ſcarce be matcht againe:
Who, while a time I leave her Honours herſe,
Embelliſh with your glorious names my verſe,
Her name to Fame I may the more endeare,
Withall advance the honour of the Shire.

[a] *The Iles of Orkney beyond Scotland* -- *Ultima Thule, Virg.*
[b] *Hodie, Thylenſell: two Hands without the ſtreights of Gibraltar, in the ſo theſt part of Spaine next to Africa.*

Lincolne anciently by *Bede* and others called LINDECOLLINUM (from the ſituation upon the top of an hill,) and alſo LINDUM, whence that part of the Shire beyond the River of WITHAM was called LINDESEIA, or *Lindſey*. By the Normans it was called Nicol-ſhire, by a Metatheſis or tranſpoſition of a letter, as wee finde in a certaine deed made by IOHN of GAUNT, beginning thus: *Johan' filz du Roy d' Engleterre, Duc de Guyenne, & de Lancaſtre, Conte de Derby, de Nicol, & Leyceſtre, Seneſchal d' Engleterre.*

I will not turne the Annals (as I might)
Of antique ages, bring againe to light
Thoſe warlike natives, who by *Humber* ſtoud
So oft imbru'd their ſwords in Daniſh bloud,
Nor that religious King of Mercia, who
Here kept his Court eight hundred yeares agoe.

OFFA King of MERCIA, who kept his Court in the Caſtle of Stallingburgh in the Countie of Lincolne, now being part of the inheritance of that Noble and right worthy Gentle-man, Sir *Edward Aiſcough* Knight: here alſo was Saint *Erkenwald* (ſometime Biſhop of London) borne,

as I was informed by Master *Linall*, a great Searcher of Antiquities in this Countie.

With many a learned, many an holy man,
Wherewith this spacious Shire abounded than
Rest they in peace, some few Ile onely name
Of later times, deserving equall fame:
Then for her home-borne; first, this soile may vaunt
Great BOLLINGBROOKE, the son of JOHN of GAUNT.

Henrie Plantagenet (who was *Henrie* the fourth) borne at *Bollingbrooke* in Lincolnshire, son and heire of JOHN of *Gaunt*, by BLANCH daughter and co-heire of *Henrie*, the first Duke of Lancaster, who tooke to wife MARIE, daughter, and one of the two heires of *Humphrey* de *Bohun*, Earle of *Hereford*, *Essex*, and *Northampton*, and Constable of England. He lieth buried by *Marie* his wife, in the Monasterie of *Christs* Church in *Cantuarburie*, under a pillar in the North Ile. To this Church King *Henrie*, with *Thomas Arundell*, Arch-Bishop of *Cantuarburie*, were great benefactors: he died, *Anno* 1412.

Then that brave Worthy, WILLOUGHBIE the Great,
Who wily PARMA, did so soundly beat
From BERGEN, with his ever honour'd Son,
Earle LINDSEY living, lov'd of everie one.

Dux Parmensis insignis dissimulandi artifex. *Cambden in Elisabetha.*

It was in the yeare 1588. PARMA lying before BERGEN two whole moneths together, was beaten thence by the valour of the L. *Willoughbie* Governour, Sir *William Drurie*, Colonell *Morgan*, and many other resolute and brave Commanders being then in the Towne, at what time were knighted for their valour, Sir *Francis Vere*, Sir *Thomas Knolles*, Sir *Nicholas Parker*, and Sir *John Poolie*, &c.

But how can my weake Muse thy merit crowne,
Great President of honour and renowne,
Thrice-Noble SHEFFIELD, the surviving glor[illegible]
Of Eightie eight, and subject of that storie,
When thy enraged thunder-belching BEARE
SPAINES floting Castles did to pecces teare.

The L. *Sheffield* Baron of Butterwick, and Earle of Mowgrave, who to his great praise and honour did notable ser-

vice in Eightie eight, in that famous fight with the Spaniſh Armado, being then Captaine of the *White Beare*, one of her Majeſties ſhips royall.

With PELHAMS alſo [a] father and the ſon,
Whoſe fear'd black lances their great honour won,
When th'row the heart of BELGIA they ran,
Conducted by the ſilver [b] Pellican.

[a] *Grandfather to Sir* William Pelham *now living*
[b] *The creſt of the* Pelhams.

Sir [c] *William Pelham*, who being at that time Generall of the Horſe, over-ran (ſaith *Cambden*) all Brabant, *Anno* 1586. As he was an abſolute Souldier, ſo his ſon was alſo a great Souldier and Scholler, as any Gentleman in the Shire, having left behind him a ſufficient teſtimonie hereof; whoſe ſon is Sir *William Pelham* (a verie worthy and noble Gentleman) now living, of Brocklesbie in Lincolnſhire.

[c] *The grandfather came out of* Suſſex.

And expert OGLE, able to command
A XERXES Armie, if that need ſhould ſtand.

Sir *John Ogle* borne at *Pinchbeck* in Holland, a verie honourable Gentleman, and my eſpeciall friend, with whom I lived in UTRECHT, when he was L. Governour thereof, whom (as well for Honours ſake, as his owne eſpeciall deſerts, having done great ſervice to the States in the Netherlands) I could not but (in this place) remember.

With all-lamented BURROUGH, who did ſee
Too late their errours, who attempted REE.

Sir *John Burroughs* borne at Stow by *Gainesburgh* and ſlaine (being ſhot into the belly) before the Fort there.

And as it were a Nurſerie of men,
Dread Soveraigne CHARLES, this Countie doth agen
Send thee thy Champion, hopefull DIMOK, hee
Whoſe CARE HOLDS KIME, whom time ſhall ſhortly ſee
(Such is his towardneſſe, vertuous education)
The flower not of the Shire, but of the Nation.

An Anagram. Charles Dimok.

Whoſe father Sir *Edward Dimok* (not here to be forgotten) was a Gentleman as well deſerving in his time, as any other; for he was of a noble and courageous ſpirit, learned, and had travelled the moſt parts of Europe.

With HARWOOD, SMITH, and numbers unnam'd here,
All children of their mother Lincolnſhire.

Sir

Sir *Edward Harwood* borne at Bourne, and a Colonell in the Netherlands, ſlaine (as it was reported) before Maſtrecht, hee was by his laſt will and teſtament a great benefactor to the towne of Bourne. Captaine *Iohn Smith* borne at Alford in the Marſh of Lincolnſhire, who ſerved under the Prince of Tranſylvania, and made a great diſcoverie in the North parts of *America*.

Now as if Nature ſeemed loth to part
Theſe ableſt men of Armes from thoſe of Art,
Shee here againe produc'd for tongue and pen,
Great Stateſmen, many grave and learned men:
The wiſeſt BURGHLEY, *Atlas* of our State,
Our Englands PALINURE (whoſe care of late
In greateſt ſtormes of danger, ſteer'd the helme,
And ſav'd from wreck our farre engaged Realme)
His birth acknowledg'd unto fennie BOURNE,
Though STAMFORD holds his aſhes and his urne.

Ænea nauta. Virg. Æneid. 3.

Sir *William Cecill* Knight, Lord Burghley, and Treaſurer of England, was borne at BOURNE in Lincolnſhire, *Anno* 1521. His fathers name was *Richard Cecill*, one of the Ward-robe to King *Henrie* the eighth, of the houſe of *Alurymmir* in Wales, his mothers name was *Lane*, heire of the noble houſe of EKINGTON, and of the WALCOTS: Hee died 1598. and was buried at Saint *Martins* in *Stamford*. Of this ancient family of the WALCOTS is Maſter ANTHONY WALCOT of Lincolne, my loving friend, diſcended.

And honour'd *Henneage*, of that ancient race
Of Haynton, here take your deſerved place,
So true a ſervant to ELIZABETH,
And by King JAMES even honour'd after death.

Sir *Thomas Henneage* Knight, borne in Lincolnſhire, hee ſerved Queene *Elizabeth* 35. yeares a privie Councellor, Vice-Chamberlaine and Chancellor of the Dutchie of Lancaſter. Hee had onely one daughter *Elizabeth*, married to Sir MOILE FINCH of Eaſtwell in Kent, who brought him a great eſtate, who after her fathers death (in regard of his former deſerts) was by King *James* created Viſcounteſſe *Maidſtone*, and Counteſſe of *Winchelſea*: He died October

17. *Anno* 1595. and lyeth buried under a faire Monument, in the Quire of S. *Pauls* Church in London. Of this family was Sir *Robert de Hemmegy, tempore Henrici primi:* and since the time of *Edward* the third, *Anno regni ejus* 16. they have continued Knights or Esquires, and in continuall succession Lords of *Hayneton* (*Iohn Hemmegy* Esquire, being at that time in possession thereof) unto Sir *George Hemmegy* now living, and Lord of *Hayneton*.

Borne at Grimsbie.

The reverend WHITGIFT, *Cantuarburies* Grace,
Whose memorie shall never *Time* deface:

Borne in Boston in the Butcher Row, or Shambles there.

And FOX, who did so painfully compile
His *Martyrs*, breath'd first, *Boston*, in thy soile:
Then those grave Judges, MOUNSON, DALLISON,
With STAMFORD (LINWOOD) and late ANDERSON,
Here borne, shall live while awfull Justice raignes,
And (her Tribunall) *Westminster* remaines:
Now WAINFLET borne at WAINFLET, (who did found
And build that goodly Structure from the ground
Of MAGDALEN in OXFORD) place we here,
A Benefactor unto all the Shire.

William de *Wainflet*, sometimes Bishop of *Winchester*: His fathers name was PATTEN, and lyeth buried in *Wainflet* All-Saints, under a faire monument of Alabaster, erected at the charge of this Bishop his son, who in his Episcopall ornaments (with another brother, who by his habit seemeth to have beene a Deane or an Abbot,) support the pillow under their fathers head.

And next to him, else second unto none,
For that great work his charitie hath done,

Mr. Sutton was borne at Knath by Gainsburgh, his father was sometime Towne-clerk of the Citie of Lincolne.

Ensueth SUTTON, who for his intent
Deserves be stiled the Magnificent.
And prudent WRAY, chiefe Justice of our Land,
To whom the subject which we have in hand
Hath more relation, than unto the rest,
Far bee't thy bountie should be here suppresst,
And that the Muse should so ingratefull bee,
As (with the chiefe) not to remember thee;
To whom our CAMBRIDGE is obliged more,

Than

Than any other named heretofore:
For her faire MAGDALEN, enlarged so
By his great gift, which that the world may know
A WRAY did raise her to a faire estate,
She weares his Armes and liverie on her gate.

This College was first an Hostell of Monks, afterward repaired by the Prior of *Ely*, and the Abbot of *Ramsy* and *Walden*, and at length made a College by the Lord *Thomas Audley* Baron of *Walden*, and Lord Chancellor of *England*, and endowed it with possessions, *Anno* 1542. what hee left undone, was finished by the Honourable Sir *Christopher Wray* Knight, Lord chiefe Justice of the Common Pleas, and father of this deceased Countesse.

And future ages, though afresh, shall see
His Image in these works of Pietie:
His name no lesse shall be belov'd hereafter,
As being father to so good a daughter.
Thus from the nature of the tree and root,
We easly ghesse the goodnesse of the fruit.
Now should I first (as is the common use)
This Ladies linage, and allies produce)
So honourable, many, or declare
Of bloud, of rank how high her husbands were,
S. PAUL the first, who drew his pedigree
From those of FRANCE, and bare their Armorie.

C'est a dire D' Argent, un Lion rampand, à sa queue fourchée de gueules, couronne d' Or.

To that great house of LUXEMBOURG alli'd,
And many a noble family beside:
Next honour'd WARWICK, who did with his name
Impart his Honour, gave her halfe the fame:
A fitter better match there could not be,
He was right noble, good, and so was she.

Robert Lord *Rich*, created Earle of *Warwick*, in the yeare 1618. *August* 6. His first wife was *Penelope*, daughter to *Walter* Earle of *Essex*; this Lady, widdow to Sir *George S'. Paul*, was the second, hee died at his house in *Holborne*, *March* 24. 1618. and was buried at *Felsted* in *Essex* with his Ancestors.

But

But what availes all this, it is not Bloud,
Alliance, Honours, Fortunes make us good:
Theſe are but rind, or out-ſide ſeeming faire,
Which toucht, will turne to aſhes or to aire:
Bloud, honour, riches, though ſhe had them all
In full abundance; yet I cannot call
The ſame her glorie, which indeed but are
The foiles of Fortune, *Goodneſſe* well may ſpare,
Which as PARERGA's paſſe we by and ſee
Of her owne ſelfe, how great, how good was ſhee.
I paſſe her child-hood and thoſe tender yeares,
Wherein, beſt, ſimple Innocence appeares.
(Yet thoſe ſame yeares doe oftentimes preſage
An hopefull harveſt in a riper age)
And with her youth begin, which Parents care
Inform'd, in everie Science that was rare,
And commendable Art, that might concerne,
Or ſuited with Nobilitie to learne.
But firſt RELIGION, they the ground-work laid,
Whereon as BASIS all the other ſtaid;
And hence that goodly ſtructure of her minde
Proceeded, wherein with more ſtate ſhe ſhin'd,
And glorious Iuſtre, than in that array
Of gold and jewels on her wedding day.
Her greatneſſe, firſt of all ſhe taught to know,
It was the greater while it kept below;
Pyramid-like the higher reared up,
The leſſe it ſeem'd, and waxed at the top:
No over-weening ſcorne her brow did cloud,
Additament of honour made her proud,
That well ſhe might that Royall *Motto* claime
Of great * ELIZA, *Evermore the ſame.*
The Court and Citie ſeld frequented ſhe,
Where all brave Dames and Beauties love to be;
Her owne faire SNARFORD, ſecond unto none,
For fite, delight, ſweet contemplation,
At home detain'd her, keeping open dore
To neighbours, ſtrangers, and the needie poore.

All things which are beſide the principall purpoſe, as in a picture, trees, towers, flowers, &c. when the principall perhaps in the face of a man.

* Semper eadem.

Now

Now bluſh (yee Dames) who leave your Manſions faire,
The fragrant fields, the healthfull Countrey aire,
Your walks, your woods, your flowrie gardens ſweet,
To live immur'd within a ſtinking ſtreet,
Exchanging your all-welcome giving gates
For ſome ſmall wicket, fit to breake our pates;
T'avoid expences, ſpending, and to flie
Your Countries, but for hoſpitalitie:
Or learne what faſhion moſt is in requeſt,
How is this Counteſſe, that Court Ladie dreſt;
While yee, your beauteous faces ſo diſguiſe,
We neither ſee your foreheads, nor your eyes:
(Like Dutch Boores houſes, where the ſtraw hangs over
The low-thatcht eaves, and doth the windowes cover)
That wont the ſeats and *Indices* to be
Of Spirit, Love, and Ingenuitie:
Nor did her private houſe her bountie bound,
That but the center was, from whence, around
It did diſperſe it ſelfe, in golden ſtreames,
(As *Phœbus* wont his bright and burniſht beames
Betime, when as AURORA's cheekes are red,
To ſee him creepe from THETIS ſilver bed.)
For as ſhe was Religious, ſo did ſhee
Promote all works of Chriſtian Pietie.
Where Preachers wanted (as alas they want)
Were livings ſmall, and their allowance ſcant;
Her Honour bounteous ſtipends did afford
To painfull Teachers of the Sacred Word:
Nor did ſhe this in places one or two,
For her owne glorie, (as be ſome that doe)
But whereſoever ſhe of want did heare,
(No matter where) within, without the Shire.
And (like her Maker) ſhe did heare the crie
Of pooreſt priſoners, that condemn'd did lie.
When on theſe waters ſhe did caſt her bread,
And even their ſoules at her owne charges fed.
I need not here relate (ſo knowne to all)
Her bountie * RAISON to thine Hoſpitall,

She allowed twenty pounds yearely to a Preacher at Welton, a towne by her. Alſo twentie pounds yearely toward a Sermon in Ancaſter.

Beſide ſhe gave exhibition to many Scholers in the Vniverſitie of Cambridge *in* Magdalen College, *and was a Benefactor to other places there.*

She allowed twenty pounds a yeare to a Preacher, to preach unto the priſoners at Lincolne.

* Market Raiſon *in* Lincolnſhire.

Her care of orphans, widdowes, whom ſhe fed,
She cloath'd, and in their ſickneſſe nouriſhed:
Her bountie to her ſervants in her life,
Her love of peace, ſtill hating ſuits and ſtrife:
Her favour to her Tenants round about,
Of whom ſhe never turned any out,
Or rais'd their rents, or failing at their day,
Tooke re-poſſeſſion: no, ſhe tooke their pay,
As they could beſt provide it for her, then,
Perhaps, if need, gave ſomething back agen.

Oh happie thrice, who made this worl her friend,
To make her way to Heaven at her end,
For if *cold water given*, finde regard,
Imagine we, what then is her reward.

She buried not her Treaſure in a box,
And that againe enclos'd with ſundrie locks
From theeviſh hands, but up to Heaven before
She ſent it, borne by prayers of the poore:
She knew how here from baſeſt covetiſe,
All evils, with contempt of God ariſe:
With love of riches who intangled are,
Doe eaſly fall into the Tempters ſnare;
How poyſon in this *Idoll* Gold doth lie,
That take away the life of *Charitie*.
Parts father and the childe, then ſets the mother
At odds with husband, daughter with the brother.
Yet did ſhe nought profuſedly beſtow
For oſtentation, or a trumpet blow
When ſhe gave almes, but ever did impart
Them ſecretly to need, or due deſert.
Nor thought it ſhe diſparagement by ſtealth,
Sometimes in ſickneſſe and their perfect health,
To lay by ſtate, and converſant to be
With Tenants, parling of good husbandrie.
So would AUGUSTUS leave his Roman Court,
And to the meaneſt Citizens reſort,
And with them in their houſes drinke and eat
Familiarly, for Majeſtie ſo great,
Not (like a bow) can alway ſtand extent,
But muſt ſometime have its relaxament.
Thus was ſhe truly humble, courteous, milde,
And nobly gracious to the pooreſt childe.
Ah that I ſaid this wofull word, *She was*,
But *ſhe*, and *we*, and all of fleſh muſt paſſe:
We follow faſt as Pilgrims, thou doſt die,
Even reading this, and writing ſo doe I.
How *vaine a thing*, alas, *is wretched man?*
By holy Scripture termed well *a ſpan*,
A *Leafe*, a *Bubble*, *Froth*, the *Downe* that *flies*,
A waſting *Vapor*, *Smoake*, a *Cloud* in skies,
A *Poſt* that haſting makes not any ſtay,
A *Shadow* ſwiftly vaniſhing aw

Pſal. 39. 6.
Wiſd. 5. 14.
Eſay 64. 6.
Oſea 10. 7.
Iacob. 4. 4.
Pſal. 102. 3.
Wiſd. 5. 9.
Wiſd. 2. 5.

Iob 9.26. A *Ship* that no impreſſion leaves behinde
Wiſd.5.10. Where it hath paſt, a *Morning Dreame*, a *Wind*,
Pſalm.73.19. *Hay*, *Graſſe*, a *Flower* (from whoſe faire golden cup,
Iob 7.7. The early Sun doth pearly Nectar ſup,
Pſalm.90. Upbraiding with her bluſh the crimſon morne,
Iob 14.2. But ere the evening downe with ſith is ſhorne)
Eſay 38.10. A *Bird*, an *Arrow*, and a *Shepherds tent*,
Wiſd.5. A *Weavers web* cut off, a *Veſtiment*,
Iob 7 6. *Snow water* that diſſolveth with a drought,
Iob 24.19. A ſhort told *Tale*, a *Candle quickly out*.
Pſalm.90.5. That we no ſooner from our mothers womb
Do draw this aire, but haſten to our tomb:
Pſal.49.3. The *Rich*, the *Poore*, the *Little* and the *Great*,
Iob 3.19. *Unlearned*, *Learned*, *Wiſe*, and *wanting wit*,
Pſal.49.10. *Death keepes no rank*, or will be woo'd to ſtay,
Fata non ſervant ordinem inter ſenes & juvenes, &c. Brookes no *excuſe*, intreatie, or delay,
For *Age* ne *Sex* he careth, all is one,
They as all Waters to their *Sea* muſt run:
1 Paral.29.15. If *Infancie* might have excuſed beene,
Eccleſiaſtic. 40. 11. Sure *Davids* ſon a longer date had ſeene:
2 Sam.12.18. Or if *old Age* might paſſe with Death for plea,
1 Reg.14.19. He likely would have ſpar'd *Methuſelah*:
Geneſ.5.27. Or if a *Kingdome* could preſerve from death,
1 Reg.2.10. Sweet ISRAELS Singer had not wanted breath:
Geneſ.4.8. If *Pietie*, that bloud-imbrued CAIN
His righteous Brother never ſhould have ſlaine:
2 King.21.43. If *Wiſdome*, *Learning*, and a *boundleſſe wit*,
As ever Heaven vouchſafd to mortall yet,
Then SALOMON had lived ſtill to write,
And ſtore us with his knowledge infinite.
2 Sam.2.18. & 23. Nor could his *Nimbleneſſe* AHAZAEL ſave,
Or *Strength* the ſtrongeſt SAMPSON from his grave:
Iudg.16.30. No more did *Beautie* ABSALON the faire,
2 Sam.18.23. When death did hide him in his golden haire.
If *Beautie* could, what could more beauteous be,
Than ſometime (in her younger yeares) was ſhe;
Before that Time did turne to ſilver wire
The treſſes, which APOLLO might admire:

And

And buried now the bed in froſt and ſnow,
Where Lilies late did with the Roſes grow.
Divine Impreſſion of thy Makers glorie,
Sweet Beautie, why art thou ſo tranſitorie?
Who with Ambroſian dainties feed'ſt our eyes,
And with our ſoules ſo neere doſt ſympathize:
Leading all captives, whom thy power encloſes,
In bands of burniſht gold, and chaines of Roſes.
See (Ladies) what it is that make you proud,
A verie nothing, an IXIONS cloud,
When moſt belov'd, purſu'd, embrac'd and kiſt,
Diſſolves it ſelfe to vapor and to miſt:
A bluſhfull bloſſome, pleaſing to the eye,
No ſooner blowne, but blaſted by and by.
Why did yee (Heavens) ever *Death* permit,
The worlds ſole Ranger, Bow-bearer of it,
To kill what fleſh he pleaſeth, where, and when,
Making the Grave his Lodge, his CACUS den?
Becauſe a ſpade he uſeth for to beare,
Yee did ordaine him Earths chiefe Gardiner,
Uprending by the roots ſuch flowers as theſe,
But let vile weeds diſpred them as they pleaſe:
He crops the Primroſe, Violet, or Pink,
Lets Poppies flouriſh with their banefull ſtink.
But far be it, we blame you Heavens for this,
It was old ADAMS fault, his foule amiſſe,
The father of us all, when he forgate
His Makers heſt, and that ru'd apple ate:
So that from *Edens* faire forbidden Tree,
Death can till now derive his pedigree;
And with the beſt of *Romes* great Senate ſhow
His *Images* (if need be) on a row:
There is no Royall bloud, or Noble race,
But muſt ariſe, and give his greatneſſe place.
Death's King of *Heraulds* overlooking tombs,
At Church all placing in their proper roomes,
All marſhalling at Funerals and Feaſts,
Ranking with all equalitie his gueſts.

Jupites perceiving Ixion to be in love with Juno, deceived him with a cloud, which he made like Juno, &c.

And Ladies ſee, that commonly contend
For higheſt place at Church, or Tables end;
How quickly can this enemie of life
Decide the quarrell, and compound your ſtrife.
Death's *Harbinger*, the King of Heaven doth ſend,
To ſee you lodged at your progreſſe end:
He is a prime Court-gameſter, that will vie,
And ſee the *Reſt* of *Royall Majeſtie*:
Let *Honour*, *Love*, *Time*, *Fortune*, with him play,
He ſweepes the ſtake, and carries all away:
1 Cor. 15. 26. Though privileg'd in this beyond his Dead,
Himſelfe is laſt, who muſt be conquered.
How bitter is his memorie to him,
Who doth in plentie and abundance ſwim,
Devoures all dainties, keepes his downie bed,
No worldly care, to vex his careleſſe head?
He doth diſtaſte his gentle Palate more
Than *Galls*, or *Anticyrian Hellebore*:
He loathes the wall that Death is painted on,
And trembles at his fleſhleſſe *Sceleton*;
Memento mori, and the Day of *Doome*,
That Maſter-peece of [a] *Angelo* in *Rome*
Do damp his ſpirit, and offend his eyne,
He better likes the draughts of [b] *Aretine*.
But to the man who liveth in diſtreſſe,
In Want, in Priſon, friend and fatherleſſe,
To age, that wearie of the world doth ſee,
From bad to worſe how times declining bee,
To [c] bed-read, and the long tormented ſick,
How happie is thy welcome, Death, how quick
Doe they embrace thee, as the wearie gueſt
Cals for his Hoſt, and firſt would be at reſt.
Yet did not torment, any tedious paine
Solicite Death for her, although a gaine
Unto the Godly, no, ſhe did affront,
By faith, its furie, and inſulted on't:
Her ſoule to him commending, by whoſe merit
She hoped, life eternall to inherit.

[a] Michael Angelo *a famous painter, who wrought that excellent peece.*

[b] Icones obſcenæ *Aretini.*

[c] *They were called Bed-read, who uſed to read, or pray upon their beads, lying in their beds (not able to work) in open ſhops in* London *and other places, having a baſon ſet before them for ſuch as gave them any thing, to caſt it in.*

And when ſhe ſaw the fatall houre draw nie,
She ſhould be ſeene no more of liuing eye,
About her ſhe her deareſt friends doth call,
Adviſe and comfort all ſhe can, withall
Bleſſeth her ſervants, wils them not to weepe
For her, who ſhortly in the Lord muſt ſleepe,
And reſting, her eternall Sabbath keepe:
On toilſome earth no more, no more with them,
But in the Court of new *Hieruſalem.*
To mutuall love exhorts them, and to trace
The paths of *Vertue*, in their lives ſhort race.
This ſaid; of all (while all ſtand weeping by)
She takes her leave, and ſo doth ſweetly dye.
Even as the *Hiacynth* doth change the hue,
Which (from the tender ſtalk where late it grew)
Some Virgins daintie finger off hath borne,
And that ſweet tincture which did it adorne,
Not fully faded, by degrees doth dye,
Where ſome ſmall remnant ſtill affects the eye:
Even ſo a colour liveleſſe doth ſhe keepe,
And lovely ſeemes, as one but faſt aſleepe.
Now as a Bird that from the cage is fled,
Unto the neighbour wood where ſhe was bred,
And meeting with a many of her kind
At libertie, her ſelfe hath gladly joyn'd
To their Harmonious Conſort, even ſo ſhee,
From her Earths priſon now exempt and free,
Sings *Hallelujahs* with the Saints above,
Communicates in bliſſe all heavenly love,
From whence (me thinks) I heare her ſay, *Adieu*,
Thou truſtleſſe Earth, who with thy ſhewes untrue,
Thy ſilly children doſt as Babes beguile,
Who when (poore things) have played with a while
Thy gauds and toyes, thou doſt their cradles fit,
And mak'ſt them ready for the loathed pit:
Adieu yee *Courts*, but *Cotes* of clay and ſtone,
Whoſe Turrets now, (me thinks) I tread upon;
And as an Ant-hill, view the world below;

Qualem virgineo demeſſum pollice florem, &c. *Virgil.* Simile.

Simile.

Mark

Mark how you filly creatures, to and fro,
Doe toile your ſelves within your poore abodes,
By taking up, then laying downe your loads,
When ſhortly comes the owner with a ſpade,
And layes all levell, what your care hath made.
Adieu, my SNARFORD, once ſo deare to me,
Heaven's now the houſe of my eternitie:
Earles of Warwick and Holland. Adieu, brave Earles, my ſometime ſons, and you,
My deareſt Nephewes in affection, now
Sir John Wray, Sir Chriſtopher Wray, and Mr. Edward Wray, the Executors of her laſt will and Teſtament. With whom I leave my worldly ſtate in truſt,
Knowne for ſo honeſt, honourable, juſt:
Adieu, poore neighbours, who lament me gone:
Adieu, deare friends, my followers everie one,
Mourne for your ſelves, and ceaſe to mourne for me,
So ſure poſſeſt of [illegible] felicitie.
This or the like (my pardon, Ladie deare,
If I arread not right) thou uttereſt there,
There where true *Love* and *Charitie* abound,
Where Quires of Angels lowdly doe reſound
Their Makers goodneſſe, Saints doe fully know
All, whereof we are ignorant below,
Partake the brightneſſe of that glorious Sun,
Which here but through a glaſſe we looke upon:
Where reigne, remaine (oh happie Soule) for aye,
Till the loud Trumpet, at the latter day,
Thy body ſhall awaken from the duſt,
When *Thou* and *Wee*, with all the faithfull Juſt
(Worlds wearie ſix dayes labour done) ſhall reſt
And keepe that heavenly Sabbath, ever bleſt.

Pietatis tuæ ſimus memores.

FINIS.

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